



·UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN·  
PRESENTED  
IN 1918 BY  
W. M. MACBEAN.



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ΕΛΕΟΘΡΙΑΜΒΟΣ:  
BEING

England's Triumphs

IN AN  
HEARTY REMEMBRANCE  
OF THAT

Wonderfull Providence

Which hath all along waited on the

SACRED PERSON  
OF OUR

AUGUSTUS,

HIS MAJESTY

WILLIAM III.

Untill He arriv'd safe in the

Joyfull Haven of *PEACE*.

A *PINDARICK*.

*Imperium lateritium accepisti, marmoreum reddidisti.*

By T. G. Phyfician in *Essex*.

L O N D O N,

Printed for F. Blitke, and are to be sold by Richard Baldwin near the  
*Oxford Arms* in *Warwick-lane*, 1697. 7. Nov.

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*Serenissimi Principis*  
**Gulielmi Tertii**

*Symbolum Actionum, Victo-  
riarum, Heroicarumq;  
effatum, in Carmina succedanea,*

*Per Hiberniam, nec non Germaniam  
Inferiorem, gestarum.*

**W***illielmus* sic ora gerit ; mera gloria secli!  
Cui tot mentis opes invidet ipsa Themis.  
Heroum palmare decus, quem præpete curru,  
Sublimem cœli, fama per astra vehit.  
Cætera miramur ! vix ausi dicere quæ sit  
In regem pietas, religio inque Deum.





## THE O P I A M B O S:

BEING

## ENGLAND's Triumphs, &amp;c.

I.

**B**Rave *Albion*, now take up thy Golden Lyre;  
 So shall the Sacred Nine thy Verse inspire;  
 While on each Shore the Universe shall ring  
 The lasting Triumphs of Great Britain's King!

Behold a Ray from Heaven breaks in,  
 To usher the bright Chorus of that (a) happy time,  
 Which Ages past, do so lament and say,  
 Time ne'er before, or since, dawn'd such a (b) Day!  
 Till Britain's Great *NASSAW* ascends the Throne;  
 Such glitt'ring Suns ne'er gilt her Horizon!

He who in noblest Dangers understood  
 To gain our Liberties through Blood,  
 Pursu'd the (c) Means, as proper to his Skill,  
 As soon th'exhausted Arteries could fill;  
 And with his Royal Hand has broach'd the Vein  
 That Mitigation gave to Europe's Pain:  
 And will a Series of health procure,  
 As Bleedings vast are stop't by clotted Gore:  
 So ancient Kings and Emperors have been  
 Enur'd to ways of Medicine,  
 Till they their Politicks refin'd thereby,  
 With Lenitives and Cordials high  
 Their Subjects have maintain'd in truest Liberty.

II.

What shou'd we have said? What wou'd we not a' done  
 In some years past, to have quit the Nation  
 Of blackest Tempests drawing on,  
 Big with Designs and Desolation?

---

(a) A Golden Age.

(b) *Qualis Sæculi no Reges fuisse ferunt*----- being *Anno 1330* before Christ; some 3000 Years before our present Age; about which time was the Golden Age; so much commended by the Poets, as the learned *Jesuit Petavius* computes.

(c) *Pax quæ tranquillæ bellis*

Had not the brave *Augustus* ; him I mean,  
 That humane Deity we call Supream,  
 Display'd His Conqu'ring Banners o'er this Isle,  
 W' had felt a sad Exile

Of Liberty ; and all that's just and good  
 Had then been sacrific'd to Gods of Wood,  
 And Sence, and Reason to a croaking Brood.

When *Egypt's* Tyrant had Heaven's Ire provok'd,  
 And Frogs and Lice about his Palace croak'd,

Sure nothing noisomer was then,  
 Or plagu'd his haughty Mind like that,  
 When upon force he begg'd a milder Fate

So very often of the Men,  
 Who sent their Plagues again,  
 And let that ruff'd Hector see,  
 'Twas Heaven's Will to make the Nations free.

Such God-like Awe has *England's* Scepter sway'd,  
 While Prodigies her Royal Standards prop;  
 In Myriads of happy Days we hope,  
 While Heaven's prais'd, and its Vicegerent's well obey'd.

## III.

Eternal Trophies sing thy Lot,  
 And to the Star that damp'd the fatal (d) Shot :  
 So as that winged Messenger of Death  
 Cou'd no Impression make ;

But for thy sake,  
 Its deadly Breath

Did in the Plumes of Honour sheath,  
 Tho' prim'd with Dev'lish Ire,  
 Those Sulphurs chang'd to (e) lambent Fire  
 While the astonish'd Hosts stood still t'admire  
 The Care th' Almighty o'er his Darling had ;  
 (Whose Cause he did defend)

The force of (f) Art and Nature both forbad,  
 To bring to pass his purpos'd end !  
 Why such Repining then ? Why so unjust  
 To Him, on whom Heaven lays so great a Trust :

(d) The Fullet that graz'd upon His Majesty in *Ireland*, but did not hurt the sacred Person--- *Quod fugat obtusum est, & haler sub arundine pinnatum*, Ovid. Metam.

(e) ---*Prompsit duo tela phœetra*

*Diversorum operum, fugat hoc, facit illud amoris*, Ibid. lib. 1.

(f) *Plumbum trahitatis nota ac gravitatis*.

Ye busie (g) Seekers in the World's wide round,  
 Here fix your Thoughts and Feet on *England's* Ground  
 Suffer your minds no more to be perplex'd,  
 While here the long lost Tribes  
 Stand grumbling by your sides,  
 For all whose Benefits, as saith the Text,  
 Ever with Murmurings Heaven storm'd, as oft *Jehovah* vext !

## IV.

Behold an Hero girt with noble Ire,  
 Braving the Ponyard, to the loudest Fire ;  
 From place to place, posting his weighty Charge,  
 Regardless of his own, with Soul so large,  
 As ever fill'd a Monarch's Breast.  
*Europe's* great *Atlas*, on whose Shoulders rest  
 The tottering Diadems of Sacred Power,  
 Which only *England's* Monarch can restore.  
 Without the Rhetorick of a Father's (h) Trope,  
 (In Heaven's name) leads the forlorn Hope ;  
 And in a Brave and Generous Disdain  
 Fires all his Dangers back again.  
 Each Element exults, and proudly boast  
 Our *Gideon's* Triumphs in the God of Host,  
 Who once the Darling Tribes through Chrystal Walls  
 Had led, and Prophets three thro' Flames: he calls  
 Now a prodigious (i) Prince forth-with to save  
 Mens civil Rights, in chief, the Laws he gave ;  
 All pure and incorrupt, now sully'd o'er,  
 Scarce known by whom they were promulg'd before.  
 The swoln *Boyne* first fails and leads the way  
 To *Namur's* Walls; all hast without delay,  
 The broad *Nassavean* Banners to display.

(g) A grand Query among the learned Theologists where those ten Jewish Tribes (who for their grumbling, &c. were captiv'd by *Salmanasser* King of *Assyria*, and carried into the Regions of *Media* on the North, or North-East side of the *Caspian Sea*) might remain : are, by the learned Enquiry of the present Age, found out in the Cities of *Tartaria*, whose People are the Posterity of the ten lost Tribes, according to Dr. *Geo. Fletcher* his Tractate call'd *Israel Redux*, published by the judicious and learned *Samuel Lee*, Anno 1677.

(h) See the Nuncio's Oration to the French King in the State of *Europe*, p. 295.

(i) While our glorious Monarch was wading through the rugged Streams at the *Boyne*; and afterwards passing so many furious and fiery Fatigues at *Namur*, and all on account of publick Peace and Safety. It was impossible for me to omit the Parallel in this Stanza; it having been begun and then finish'd at those particular Seasons, when his Sacred Majesty was incessantly moiling in those unparallel'd Hazards of his Royal Person, in whose Sacred Life the Tranquillity of whole *Christendom* was wrapt up.



## V.

Hail to the Prince before whose gracious Throne,  
 Clusters of Scepters daily come,  
 And all their Royal Tributes pay,  
 Where true magnetick Graces ever live and stay,  
 As Suppliants to so divine a Ray!  
 Here they their Diamond Cusps immerse,  
 And wretched Tyranny disperse.  
 But Wisdom, Courage, Princely Constancy,  
 That once had flesh'd those (k) Heroes of the Sky,  
 (And flung th' aspiring Crew then headlong down,)  
 Now shine about fair *Albion's* stately Crown,  
 And may an other \* Galaxy inspire  
 With (l) Virtues fed by true Celestial Fire.  
 While our *Augustus*, whom we love to trust,  
 Still makes his martial Deeds the more august:  
 By how much in Him, something more is found,  
 Than wither'd Fame's loud Trumpets sound,  
 Or the *Arcadian* (m) *Pan* had levell'd to the ground!

## VI.

I knew no better way great Acts t' have told,  
 Than graving Thine upon the backs of old;  
 Till You most mighty Prince my Muse inspir'd,  
 And such a gratefull Zeal had fir'd,  
 Whose (n) Pyramis in Shining Flame,  
 Blazons Thine Acts round Thy Victorious Name,  
 And gives surprizing Glories to Thy Deeds,

(k) *Michael* and his Celestial Hosts, vanquishing *Lucifer* and his, &c.

\* An Halo or Glory encompassing the Throne.

(l) Virtues that have a communicative good in them; whose contraries are most apt to sully, and obscure the Regal Diadem; as these are to polish and enoble it with all the Gifts and Graces of the divine Bounty.

(m) The Monosyllable *παν* (by the *Greeks*) is taken often for a Univerality----- but more notoriously in the Obsequies of their God *Pan*, at whose Death the whole frame of Diabolical Worship fell to the ground, along with that infernal Polity which lay hid in the Pagan Oracles.

See to this effect a famous Story of *Thamus's* to the Emperor *Tiberius Caesar*, and handed down to us by the accurate Pen of the learned Mr. *Geo. Sandys* his Travels to *Constantinople*, &c. lib. 1. p. 11.

(n) Flaming point alludes both to a liquid and solid Chymical Substance, which being held for half a Minute of an hour before any sort of light whatever, if scroll'd or written upon fair Paper, will represent the Name or Sentence in very delightfull shining Characters, as I my self have seen practis'd by the hand of the ingenious Doctor *Jes. Shaw* which he some years since presented the Profiers of to the Royal Society, by the Name of the *Hermetick Phosphorus*.

Another sort, namely the Liquid, was invented by the Honourable Mr. *Bore*, and by him call'd the *Aereal Nectilina*. See Dr. *N. Gualt's Miscellanea*, p. 334.

That

That when Thy Succellor Thy (o) Labours reads,  
 As Letters fence; so this its own (p) Fame breeds!  
 You lent an Ear to *Europe's* Groan  
 When none beside its Cause dare own  
 A Sacred Stem You flit from off Your Throne.  
 Gracious it prov'd, Luxuriant and Green,  
 And as the Prophets Goard, a goodly Screen  
 Unto the Nation's Laws, their Liberty,  
 Their Lives, their Children, Religion  
 All shelter'd from Oppression!  
 And also gave so great Renown to Thee,  
 As fixt the Universal Monarchy  
 Unto the fertile Root, from whence it sprang,  
 As great Effects on Causes terminate and hang.

## VII.

Listen no more unto the Tales of Fame  
 Of *Cæsar* or of mighty *Pompey's* Name;  
 Or the great King of *Macedon*; those Scenes  
 Were to these Ends as nobler Means:  
 The Means of Peace, and fuller Glory,  
 Than Time e'er plac'd in *Greek* or *Roman* Story.  
 But what if *Hebrew* Rabbies talk of sage  
*Moses* and *Joshua*, famous in their Age:  
 Yet these the Shades, not Substance might presage,  
 And seem'd with Verities to jest,  
 While they held earthy things in Quest;  
 The Heav'n-spir'd Zeal, that fill'd our Hero's Breast,  
 Bids him look high, since his Commission bears  
 What top-moſt (q) ſits upon the Crown he wears,  
 Strengthens his Heart, and bids his Sword not ſpare  
 A trait'rous Crew; but let 'em feel and ſee,  
 (So treacherous to Heaven and Thee)  
 That the All-Conqu'ring Banners thou doſt bear,  
 Shall Victims make, till they to Heaven rear  
 (In Concert with Thy Labours and juſt Throne)  
 Thy Great Allies, where Joy and Intereſt meet in One.

(o) *Positaque ex ordine gemma.*(p) *Clara repercussu reddebant lumina Phæbo.* Ovid. Met. lib. 2.

(q) The Cross that rests upon the top of the Imperial Crown.

THE  
ANAGRAM

Drawn from the

ROYAL TITLES, *Viz.*

William the Third,  
KING

OF

*England, Scotland, France and Ireland.*

---

*I, the Delight of Mankind,  
I, can call redres of the Land  
tangled in War.*

---

So some more Orient Gem, in Casket close immur'd,  
Is no more safe from harm, than fatally secur'd;  
As once th' Illustrious Titles with thy mighty Name  
Suffer'd Eclipse in the dark Shades of written Fame,  
Till Royal Acts untangl'd their strict *Anagram*.

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F I N I S.



